FRATERNITY men—Isn't it life's darkest moment when a stupid dean refuses you permission to follow the team for a big game (or perhaps it was the last prom, carrying financial ruin in its wake, that made the trip impossible)? Radiola V is your best bet. Clearly and vividly the progress of the game comes in, play by play. You hear your own cheers and songs, your own signals, and life isn't so bad after all! Or maybe that five-thousand word thesis for next week is bothering you. Lectures and speeches from scores of stations readily accessible to the Radiola V will furnish the inspiration.

Talk it over with your brothers. Your house deserves a Radiola. And when the first of the month brings your checks from home, invest in a V and provide against future emergencies.

Radiola V (dry cell operated), with 3 Radiotrons UV-199, Phone Plug and type FH Loud Speaker $142.50

For Sale by

Radiola V

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

JAN 18 1924

Radio Corporation
of America

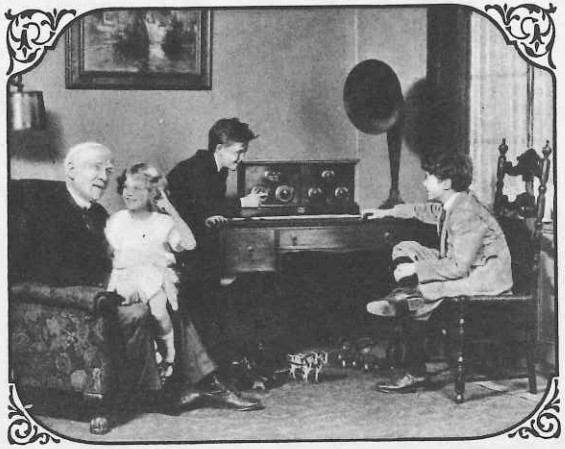
Radiola V

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Standard Thousand Mile Receiver

THE evening's visitors—especially the unexpected—need bring no consternation to the mind of the host who seeks to entertain intelligently. The greatest entertainment in the world is radio, and Radiola V is one of its greatest exponents. There's a program on the air to suit every taste. Heavy opera or jazz; how to play bridge or stock reports; sporting results or ladies' fashions—Radiola V, the efficient, simple, thousand mile receiver, entertains everybody.

Or Afternoon Tea, that most pleasant social custom for those who can afford the time—how often it becomes boresome because your guests will not get away from "small talk"! The problem of entertainment, for the afternoon hostess, is difficult. Something heavy, something light, something educational, something amusing,—a varied program is desired, yet it must not require an effort on the part of any of the guests. Radiola V so easily solves the problem with its ease of operation and its efficiency, that the living room with the Radiola V soon becomes the most popular of your "set."



At Bedtime—that zero hour for the tiny folks—"Just one more bedtime story, Dad," pleads the daughter of the house, "and then I'll go straight to bed!" And the wise old man of 12 years cries, "Aw, Pop, just let's hear the Navy Band play one more march and I'll go, too." And off they skip for the night.